



TRY STANDARD.

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TERMS.
The paper will be sent according to order, per year, in advance, for \$1.00. If not paid within four weeks, \$1.50. These terms will be rigidly adhered to. To insure a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, all arrears must be paid, and positive directions given to that effect. All advertisements inserted at the usual rates. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forborne, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE.

DR. H. ADAMS,

PROFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.

Office—On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church, June 16, 1853. 12-1

DR. E. FITZGERALD,

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

Office—And Residence at the Franklin Hotel, Aug. 18, '53. 21-1

D. A. HOFFMAN,

Physician & Surgeon, JACKSON, C. H., O.

Office—At D. HOFFMAN'S STORE, where he may at all times be found when not absent on professional business. May 15, 1851-1

WM. S. WILLIAMS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.

Office—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes Esq. will be promptly attended to. June 23, 1853. 13-1

STANLEY & STARKEY,

Attorneys

and

Counsellors at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, BOUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS, JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTEND to the practice of the Professions, obtaining Patents, buying, selling, and obtaining Land Warrants, and Leasing Real Estate, examining Land Titles, collection of claims, &c.

All Communications from a distance must be Post Paid.

Office in Public Building, up stairs. May 12, '53-1

R. C. HOFFMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSON, C. H., O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Vinton and Gallia counties.

Office—One door south-west of Daniel Hoffman's Store. August 9th, '49-1

O. F. MOORE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will act as counsel in all business entrusted to his care.

Oct. 4, 1849—no27y1

H. S. BUNDY,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.

Nov. 26, 1850-1

ANSEL T. HOLCOMB,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.

Vinton & Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52

JOSEPH BRADBURY,

Attorney at Law.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.

Keyserville, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

FLOUR STORE!

THE UNION MILLS having undergone a complete and thorough repair, we are now manufacturing and keep constantly on hand, a large stock of very superior

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE.

The highest Cash price paid for Wheat and Hides.

ROBINSON, SONS & CO.

Portsmouth, June 23, 1853. 13-

W. C. ROBERTS,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.

Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.

April 17, 1851.

R. BELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS.

LEATHERS AND FINDINGS,

NO. 4 ENTERPRISE ROW, FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Mr. M. R. Tinkney having purchased the interest of DANIEL SMITH in the above named establishment, and the present firm, under the former title, having taken the large and spacious rooms on Front street, formerly occupied by WALKER & ROBINSON as a Flour Store, would respectfully invite the attention of dealers to their very large stock, assuring all that they will sell good stock as low as any other house in the West.

May 26, '53-1

Select Tales.

JOHN SMITH.

"SHREWSBURY," said my friend

John Smith to me, "is really a delightful

place—on a fine morning when the offing

is covered with fishing craft, their little

white sails form a pretty contrast to the

bright blue of the sky, and to the waves,

green and sparkling as emeralds, which

laugh around the tiny barks. I assure

you 'tis one of the pleasantest things in the

world to stand on the shore and watch the

maneuverings of the miniature fleets, and

still passenger to take a little boat, with

your fishing tackle on board, and row in

to the midst of them. 'Tis true, they'll

laugh at your awkwardness, but then you

know as long as a hearty laugh is raised,

it matters not at whose expense."

I was perfectly charmed and astonished

at my friend John Smith's eloquence,

(by the way he had appended Junior to

the end of his patronymic by way of dis-

tinction from one or two other cousins of

the same name), for he was naturally tac-

iturn; but the poor fellow was half out of

his wits at the thoughts of matrimony, in-

to which blissful state he had been enter-

ed about three weeks, and he was truly

attached to his wife—so strongly perhaps

as to the use of eau de Cologne and Otto

of Roses. I was therefore inclined to be-

lieve that Shrewsbury possessed some par-

allel power to that which the angel exer-

cised over Balaam's mule. I told him

so, and added—

"We must certainly take my cousin,

Mrs. John Smith, to this place, to afford

another subject for the mirth of its amphi-

bious inhabitants."

On the next day you might have "seen

us on our winding way"—every thing

was prepared for the jaunt; wind, weath-

er, tide and steam—all were favorable,

and we arrived without any bursting of

boilers, in due time at our place of des-

tination.

"Deuce take all the steamboats," grum-

bled my friend John Smith, Junior, as he

applied a bottle of ether to his nose—

"The clattering of the wheels, and the

whizzing of the steam, is positively wear-

ing on my nerves, and I feel as if I were

being shut up in a room with a dozen

French milliners."

We landed from the object of this di-

rect trade, and ordered our trunks and

Mrs. Smith's nineteen handboxes to the

hotel, so well known in the annals of wa-

tering excursions. It was crowded as

usual with strangers, but only one person

was recognized as an acquaintance, either

by my friend or by myself; that was the

pleasant, good humored, and really hand-

some phiz of Jerry Watson, who, as the

world goes, was as clever a fellow as need

be met with, and like my friend Smith,

was very susceptible of the tender pen-

chant, so much so, that he could never set-

tle which of his numerous favorites should

be the future Mrs. Watson. He greeted

us cordially, and was introduced in form

to the blooming bride, whose cheek he

graciously kissed, as he saluted her with

wisdom for health and connubial happi-

ness. Poor Smith never shall I forget

the "rouge et noir" expression of his coun-

tenance at this familiarity; he advanced

a step, but recoiling himself, drew back,

and taking from his pocket a newly em-

bossed Eolian, turned on his heel toward a

window, and commenced breathing an air

on his little pet of an instrument.

I will pass over any description of the

festivities we entered into during our stay.

Never did I see nature's grandeur, and

man's insignificance so fully developed, as

in the scenery circumjacent to this place—

but description will not be attempted.

As I have to relate mere facts. We

"Some fatality tempted me to look into

it—I saw—I saw—but here, look your-

self," and snatching the note from me, he

broke open the seal.

I started with astonishment at him, and

then with a determination to unravel the

mystery, I cast my eye over the note.

It was indeed, of a tenor to awaken sus-

picious: part of it ran thus:—Can you

still deny my request?—why, after having

been buried three—ages shall I call them,

from the world?"

"Hear that," interrupted Smith, "the

libertine dog calls three weeks of my hon-

ey moon, ages! Honey moon indeed! marriage may be so, but it has too much of

the bee-sting to make its sweets pleasant!"

I proceeded with the letter—why do

you still refuse to join the gay circle which

you adorned, before cruel fate united you to

a monster unworthy of you?"

"The devil take his cursed impudence,"

roared Smith. "Who is he?—the signa-

ture—ay, the signature! and, breathless,

he tore the note from me.

"What!—he?—your devoted admirer,

J. Watson! Ah, I see it all—and it is pos-

sible—but four days acquaintance, and to

gain more of her heart than I have done

in as many years!—Oh, the plausible,

smooth-tongued villain! By heavens, if

he were a witchcraft—he kissed at their

first introduction. Oh, I see it all, Jim!"

and he turned around to me—never mar-

ry as you would preserve an honest name,

and what is better, a cheerful conscience,

never marry—I'd rather!"

"Poo! poo!" I interrupted, "you are

foolish, Smith; Jerry never could have

written this; it is some joke." I said this

to calm my friend's anger, although at

that very moment I had made up my mind

to follow Smith's advice, and never mar-

ry.

"Joke!—yes, indeed it is!—laughed at

Off went the mercurial Watson, and

his closing the door was again a signal for

silence. As I looked at the elongated

phiz of my friend Smith, and the trem-

bling lips of my really beautiful cousin,

I came to a full resolution never to mar-

ry. "If," thought I, "a woman of talent

and accomplishments like Esther can be

led away by the flattery of every insect

that flutters in her train, what will be his

fate, who, in the lottery of marriage, does

not draw a high prize!"

But a few minutes elapsed before Jerry

Watson returned, leading into the room

a lady, whose appearance had before

pleased my fancy at the public dining-table.

He handed her gracefully in, and

after surveying the circle, said—

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, allow me to in-

troduce to your favorable regard, a lady

who has just consented to become, to mor-

row, Mrs. Watson, but who now may

claim cousinship with you. Mrs. Smith,

take to your heart your lovely namesake,

my lovely widow, Mrs. John Smith!"

Lightning shot through my heart, I

jumped up and clasped Jerry's hand and

the widow's at the same time.

"God bless you both," said I.

My friend John said not a word, but

went up to his wife, and led her to her new

acquaintance, but I marked a sly pressure

of the hands; a lighting up of his eye,

and a returning smile on my cousin's lip,

indicated, more than words, a heartfelt

reconciliation.

"Well," cried Jerry, "I thought the quin-

ette would produce harmony."

We all laughed, and even the widow

who had unwittingly given my poor friend

a bite from the green-eyed monster, joined

in without knowing why.

"Smith," said I, "before we left New

York, you remarked that as long as a

FROM THE YANKEE BLADE.

Whiskey is the key by which many

gain an entrance into our prisons and

almshouses.

The report that the dog-star had the

hydrophobia, needs confirmation.

Rumored—that the orator who 'came